Table of Contents

1. Alleigiances
2. Prolouge
3. I
4. II
5. III
6. IV
7. V

Alleigiances

[image]

RyeClan
Leader- **FerretStar** *A pale brown, grey-pawed Tom with short-ferret-like fur and green eyes*

Deputy- **OpalShine** *A sandy-ginger, brown, pale grey tipped she-cat with long fur and one blue eye, one green-gold eye *apprentice: BreezePaw**

Medicine cat- **PetalSong** *A pale grey tabby she-cat with soft, wavy medium-length fur, and light pink eyes *apprentice: LeafPaw**

Warriors- **ThrushWing** *A brown she-cat with long fur and green eyes *apprentice: LightPaw**
NightLeg *A black Tom with a twisted leg, short fur and starry, silver eyes*
MeadowSlip *A white and cream she-cat with long fur and Blue eyes*
HeronTalon *A brown, white and dark grey Tom with hazel eyes *apprentice: BrackenPaw**
FlameFlight *A dark ginger and red she-cat with long fur and copper eyes*
WhiteLavender *A white, lilac tinged Tom with long, soft fur and amber eyes*
AshStalk *A dark grey Tom with short fur and blue eyes *apprentice: SplatterPaw**
FallenOak *A dark brown Tom with long fur and amber eyes*
RabbitSpring *A white and pale brown she-cat with short fur, a bob tail and green eyes*

Apprentices- **BreezePaw** *A black Tom with short fur and blue eyes*
LeafPaw *A pale brown she-cat with long fur and warm, green eyes*
LightPaw *A white she-cat with short fur and yellow eyes*
SplatterPaw *A brown, white-splotched she-cat with medium fur and yellow eyes*
BrackenPaw *A brown Tom with medium fur and dark yellow eyes*

Queens- **DewCreek** *A pale grey tabby she-cat with short, fluffy fur and silver eyes (mother to WhiteLavender's kits:* **SoftKit**- *A white, lilac tinged, dark grey pawed and tipped she-cat with short fur and silver eyes*
FluffKit- *A grey and white she-cat with long fur and amber eyes)*
MoonFawn *A white, brown-speckled she-cat with short fur and pale green eyes (expecting NightLeg's kits)*

Elders- **StreamCricket** *A blue-grey she-cat with long fur and silver eyes*
RowanFlight *A dark brown tom with short fur and deep, forest-green eyes*

RyeClan information:
The picture above is of RyeClan's camp. RyeClan lives in the mountains, their dens being seperate small caves, some larger than others. There's a small step-like stone slope that leads out of the camp. They have no neighbouring clans. The stories of RyeClan's founding says that four clans once lived, but some devastating event happened, known as the 'Scorching Willow' and one of the few survivors, RyeStar, founded this new clan up in the mountains where barley anybody could bother them. Three cats from ThunderClan, two from WindClan, five from ShadowClan and seven from RiverClan joined RyeStar. Thankfully two of them were medicine cats, and others warriors and apprentices. There was one queen, who soon gave birth to the first litter of RyeClan. LeafBare is harsher and longer in the mountains. There's not many herbs and sometimes the medicine cats travel with skilled warriors to collect herbs from a steep valley that is plentiful in plant life and prey. Hardly anyone goes down there though, because so many hawks lurk in that area. RyeClan builds small rock walls around the cliff edges to stop kits from falling off, and anyone who loses balance. Also, they have SoulClan instead of StarClan. Hope this makes sense, but it's just a few notes! Have a wonderful day/ night, doves!

Prolouge

[image]

DewCreek slipped away into the inky black night, stars shining against the dark sky but offering no light. Her paw steps were soft as she padded away from the nursery and her kits who had curled up with each other to sleep. She gave a long, sorrowful sigh, as she glanced back at the adorably stacked mound of fur. *I'm so sorry, SoftKit and FluffKit* she thought mournfully, as she padded away and up to the leaders den, where FerretStar and WhiteLavender, her mate, waited.

"You knew the prophecy, you two!" FerretStar snarled. "It said-"

"*A kit born of Lavender and Creek, to destroy that of the paw of leaf. A soft shade of poison, seemingly innocent while the corruption creeps towards that of its desires.*" Came a gruffly annoyed voice. "They know, FerretStar."

All three cats turned and stared at the medicine cat, PetalSong. "What have you named them?"

"SoftKit and FluffKit." WhiteLavender muttered, shuffling closer to his mate. PetalSong gave a small approving noise.

"I'm assuming they'd have fluffy and soft fur, what, with you being their father, WhiteLavender." The medicine cat joked, gesturing to the tom's silky fur, then to DewCreek's own fluffy pelt. "And you being their mother."

"Why have you entered my den without me calling you, PetalSong?" FerretStar huffed angrily.

"Right. I was hoping to have some warriors escort me down to the valley tomorrow. We're running low on catmint and thyme." She mewed briskly.

"Alright. WhiteLavender, get some rest because you and NightLeg

are going to protect PetalSong in the valley." FerretStar growled, and the Tom nodded, before exiting the den, PetalSong following. DewCreek hesitated, as if wanting to leave the den to return to her kits.

"DewCreek." The Tom, who was sat in the moss nest at the back of the den, hissed. "You disobeyed orders!"

"Orders to not have kits with my mate?" DewCreek snapped. "Kind of impossible if you ask me, Ferret*Whisker*."

"You dare?" FerretStar snarled, fur bristling. "You dare call me by my old name!?"

"Yes, I dare." DewCreek growled. "You act all high and mighty and think you are the rightful leader of RyeClan when it was going to be JuniperStorm! What a coincidence that the night before you were chosen deputy, the only competition, that was *much* better than you anyway, dies?"

FerretStar lashed his tail. "Unless you wish to be exiled and never see your kits again, you will never accuse me of such things!"

"That wasn't an accusation." DewCreek replied stonily, eyes cold. "That was what I *saw*."

FerretStar's eyes widened in surprise. "W-what?"

The two stared at eachother for many more moments, that felt like seconds to her. FerretStar opened his mouth to speak again, However, DewCreek stood up abruptly, tail twitching and lashing from side-to-side as she left the leaders den, fur spiked. As she climbed down the stones and rocks towards the nursery, she blinked against the sun as it rose over the camp, slowly and steadily.

She heard warriors waking. *That meeting was a lot longer then I thought.* She thought in surprise, slipping into the small cave that housed the kits and queens. She curled up around her kits before they woke. *Oh, StarClan. Give me strength. Let neither of my kits end up being killers.*

I

[image]

SoftKit blinked her eyes open sleepily, letting out a large yawn that slightly hurt her jaws, but she ignored it. Glancing around the stoney walls of the nursery, she spotted LeafKit, her best friend, who was bouncing around happily with her littermates, SplatterKit and BrackenKit.

"Hey, SoftPaw!" BrackenKit called over at her, waving his tail. "Come join us!"

She pulled herself to her small paws and trotted over to her friends. "Why're you guys so full of energy at *dawn*?" SoftKit asked, flicking her tail over at the rising sun. DewCreek, her mother, and FluffyKit, her sister, were still asleep, as was NightLeg, her stomach swollen.

"We're becoming apprentices today, remember?" LeafKit squeaked.

"Ohh, yeah." SoftKit laughed. "I cannot wait til you are showing off your battle moves in the clearing." *And I can show you a few herbs, when I'm the medicine cat apprentice, maybe.*

LeafKit frowned, and opened her mouth before something barrelled into her. SplatterKit. "Hurry up! I wanna go check out the apprentice den!" Before skittering out the den. BrackenKit followed after her without any hesitation.

"I'll talk to you later!" LeafKit purred, before bounding away with her littermates.

"Bye!" SoftKit purred back, right before someone tackled her. She laughed at the warm, familiar scent flooded her nose. "FluffyKit!"

"SoftKit!" FluffyKit squeaked back. "DewCreek says she'll take us out to meet our father today!"

Excitement burst throughout SoftKit's pelt. Kits in RyeClan couldn't

meet their father, unless the father in question wishes to, before five moons. It was custom made by some toms who didn't like to be surrounded by kits, and nobody disagreed with it. "I heard he's really strong, and that I get my unique pelt colour from him!" She squealed, running over to the nest where their mother lay, whiskers twitching. "Oh, please can we see him right now!?"

"I heard his name was WhiteLavender!" FluffyKit added, racing up beside her, fur fluffed up in excitement.

DewCreek laughed, before hauling herself to her paws. "WhiteLavender will come to visit later, trust me."

"Can he come now?" SoftKit whined.

"Now, we can eat." The queen purred, and exited the nursery cave, with the two kits scrambling after her. A few cats came and greeted the queen and her kits, but SoftKit couldn't see anyone that looked like her. With a frustrated growl, she snatched up a mouse and sat down to share it with FluffyKit.

"DewCreek, I've got amazing news!" Came an excited mew from a white she-cat, small brown speckles dotting her fur as she padded up to SoftKit's mother.

"What is it, MoonFawn?" DewCreek replied, and FluffyKit looked up at the stranger, while SoftKit took another bite out of the mouse.

"I'm expecting!" The other shecat- MoonFawn- purred, tail curling. DewCreek let out a kit-like squeal, which attracted the attention of multiple warriors, giving the pair of she-cats humorous glances.

"Oh! Right, SoftKit, FluffyKit, this is MoonFawn." The grey tabby queen flicked her tail and beckoned her kits forward, tilting her ears towards the new cat.

"Hello!" FluffyKit bounced.

"Mwring" SoftKit mumbled around a mouthful of prey.

MoonFawn smiled sweetly at the two. "She looks so much like WhiteLavender!" The expectant queen observed, flicking her tail at

SoftKit.

"Yes, she does." DewCreek purred, and then her ears perked. "Your father's coming!"

The kits immediately straightened up, eyes wide as they tried to spot their father, gazing intently at the camp entrance. A few cats slipped through, but one Tom immediately stuck out to SoftKit, and her lungs suddenly felt empty. His white, purple tinged fur, and amber eyes that looked so bright while he was carrying a large thrush and a few mice, swinging by their tails.

"WhiteLavender!" DewCreek called, and SoftKit snapped back to reality as her father ran over to them, purring.

"DewCreek! How are you? And are these SoftKit and FluffyKit? They've gotten so big!" WhiteLavender exclaimed, dropping his prey on the FreshKill pile beside them.

SoftKit puffed out her chest. "We're going to be apprentices, soon!" She told him, which earned her a proud and amused look. FluffyKit smiled.

"I know. Your going to do so well." Her father replied. "Have you figured out what your going to be doing?"

"I want to be a warrior!" FluffyKit squeaked.

"I'm going to become a medicine cat!" SoftKit announced at the same time. This earned the two sisters small laughs from their parents.

"Your both going to do so, so well." WhiteLavender purred, and DewCreek nodded.

"Let all cats old enough to safely travel the mountain peaks and ledges, gather around the LargeBoulder, for a clan meeting!" Came a yowl, and SoftKit heard LeafKit somewhere near the apprentices den squeak with excitement, and then the pounding of paws as the older litter went over to the meeting place, followed warriors and elders and queens coming from all the dens, to witness three new apprentices to be made.

"Come on, FluffyKit!" SoftKit laughed, and ran over, ready to congratulate her friends on becoming *warrior* apprentices.

II

SoftKit crouched down near the back of the crowd, ready to yowl her friends names to the sky, and SoulClan.

"BrackenKit, SplatterKit and LeafKit. Do you all pledge your loyalty to the clan, and to care for your ClanMates, and protect them, until your last breath?" FerretStar began.

"Yes!" BrackenKit mewed.
"I won't let you down!" SplatterKit called.
"Absolutely!" LeafKit yowled.

"Then by the powers of StarClan, BrackenKit, you are now known as BrackenPaw until you earn your warrior name." FerretStar purred. "Your mentor will be HeronTalon. HeronTalon, please step forward."

SoftKit watched as the warrior stepped towards the centre of the the gathered clan, beside BrackenPaw. "You have received wonderful training from both FernHeart and SilverNettle, and StarClan honours your passion and calming voice. May you pass down all you know onto your new apprentice." FerretStar finished, and HeronTalon touched noses with BrackenPaw.

"SplatterKit!" FerretStar called. "You are now known as SplatterPaw until you earn your warrior name. Your mentor will be AshStalk. you have received excellent training from OpalShine, and StarClan honours your determination and wit. May you pass down all you know onto your new apprentice."

AshStalk stepped forward and touched noses with SplatterPaw, and SoftKit's ears twitched in anticipation. *Who would be LeafKit's mentor? WhiteLavender?* Images of her father flashed through her mind, and she glanced around. *Maybe MeadowSlip?*

"LeafKit. You are now LeafPaw, until you earn you medicine cat name-" FerretStar's voice became blurry as SoftKit froze. *No. Surely I*

heard that wrong? IM SUPPOSE TO BE THE MEDICINE CAT APPRENTICE! She wanted to wail. SoftKit closed her eyes and breathed for a few moments, and opened them, right as PetalSong touched noses with LeafPaw.

"BrackenPaw! SplatterPaw! LeafPaw!" The clan yowled, but SoftKit didn't join in. *Why would LeafPaw take my position? Does she think she'd be* better *at medicine cat duties then me?*

"SoftKit! I'm an apprentice now!" LeafPaw purred, running up to her.

"Sure. Whatever." SoftKit coldly snapped.

LeafPaw blinked, hurt glistening in her eyes. "Aren't you happy for me?"

"I *would* be, if you hadn't stolen what was MINE!" She hissed, and stormed off to the nursery, leaving LeafPaw looking hurt and BrackenPaw staring at her in confusion, clearly he was out of ear-shot. FluffyKit followed her after a few moments of hesitation, bounding away from SplatterPaw.

"LeafPaw will *pay*" SoftKit growled as she curled up into a tight ball in one of the nests. FluffyKit draped her plumed tail over her sisters back.

"She will, just, calm down for a little?" The grey-and-white she-kit suggested, and SoftKit replied with an angry sigh. *One day. One day, LeafPaw. I will make you pay for taking what's mine. We are no longer friends, but enemies, like the clans of old from the elders tales. I vow on SoulClan.*

"I'll always stay by your side, SoftKit." FluffyKit whispered into her ear.

The lilac-tinged, white she-cat tucked her dark grey paws under her. "I'm glad I can trust *someone.*" SoftKit muttered.

FluffyKit let out a small snort of laughter. "There's plenty of cats you can trust! I bet LeafPaw didn't even mean it, maybe she wanted to be a warrior but the clan knew that PetalSong needed an

apprentice." She reassured her.

"Then LeafPaw will have no problem giving up her spot when we become apprentices!" SoftKit instantly brightened.

"Yea, come on, let's go." FluffyKit purred, leading her sister out of the nursery. *Maybe FluffyKit is right, and I won't need to hurt LeafPaw. Maybe...*

III

SoftKit sat beside FluffyKit, who was talking animatedly to BrackenPaw. "Can you show me a battle move?" Her sister asked.

"Sure, I guess." BrackenPaw mewed, nodding. He then turned to her, eyes bright. "Do you want to join in?"

SoftKit was about to say no, but she hesitated. *If I learn battle moves, I can make LeafPaw pay. Unless she decides to give up her position when me and FluffyKit become apprentices!* "Sure." She replied, and BrackenPaw's eyes practically glowed.

"Great!" He purred, and FluffyKit gave SoftKit a confused look. She shrugged. *I don't know, your the one that likes him.* "I'll show you guys a team-move. Pretend FluffyKit is an enemy warrior, just so I can show you how the move works."

"Alright." SoftKit agreed.
"Yea!" FluffyKit purred.

"Right, so, FluffyKit, stand over there." BrackenPaw pointed with his tail, and SoftKit's littermate leaped onto the leaf that BrackenPaw had gestured to. "Now, SoftKit, your going to stay behind me, and when I say acorn, I'm going to lower myself slightly, and you'll jump onto my back, and then leap onto FluffyKit."

"Got it." She replied, and the apprentice positioned himself in-front of FluffyKit.

"Do you think there's another clan out there somewhere, other survivors of the Scorching Willow?" SoftKit's sister asked.

"No idea." BrackenPaw replied. He then dropped ever so slightly to the floor. "Acorn!"

SoftKit ran, and leaped, landing squarely onto BrackenPaw's back. She then pushed off, causing the older cat to fall over, and she

landed onto her sister. FluffyKit rolled over as SoftKit dropped down onto her, and pinned her.

"It's really easy to manoeuvre out of." FluffyKit mewed.

"That's why we yell acorn. It confuses them. You were expecting it, a rouge or loner won't." He then hesitated and added "or another clan-cat, if there *are* other survivors."

"BrackenPaw! Training!" HeronTalon hissed, and the apprentice flicked his tail in goodbye to the kits, bounding over to his mentor.

"BrackenPaw is so cute!" FluffyKit squealed once he and his mentor had left the camp. "Do you think he likes me back?"

"I don't know." SoftKit replied, truthfully. *I'm not going to add that I think he might not like anyone.*

"I really hope he does! I could have a mate early after my warrior ceremony, it'd be so amazing!" She purred, tail curling.

"And I'd love to be the one to deliver your kits, when I'm medicine cat!" SoftKit boasted.

"Yes!" FluffyKit laughed. "That's the future that'll come true, trust me."

"I hope so." The white-purple she-cat glanced over at the medicine den wistfully.

"Maybe you can help out in there, to show everyone you don't want to be a warrior!" Her sister suggested.

"You really think that'll work?"

"Maybe." FluffyKit shrugged.

"Alright! Bye, I'll see you soon!" SoftKit scrambled to her paws, and darted over to the other side of the clearing. She then paused, and stood a thorn up-right, where cats might walk. *I know it's mean, and not at all what a medicine cat does, but how will I help if there's nobody to be taken care of?*

She then trotted inside the medicine den, where LeafPaw was sorting herbs into small piles, while PetalSong listed each herb, what they looked like and they're uses. The apprentice picked up a small branch with dark, spiky leaves and purplish berries on it.

"Ah, that is Juniper berries and they-" PetalSong began but SoftKit interrupted her.

"They help with sore belly's, and help cats with troubled breathing!" She announced, bouncing over to where LeafPaw and PetalSong were. "Right?"

"I- yes, I suppose your correct. Why are you here?" PetalSong frowned. "Thorn in your paw?"

"No, I just wanted to see if I could help!" She beamed.

"Oh! Yes, PetalSong, she can help me sort the herbs, since she already knows a few!" LeafPaw purred.

"Alright, then." PetalSong sighed, still looking skeptical.

LeafPaw picked up a sweet-smelling herb. "This is Catmint, right, SoftKit?"

"Yes. It cures green and white cough." She nodded, happily, and pawed it over into its own pile. PetalSong nodded in confirmation.

"What's this herb, you two?" PetalSong asked, and she pawed a sharp-smelling thistle towards her with dark leaves and a tall stem.

"I think it's something root?" LeadPaw tilted her head.

"Maybe.. Chervil root?" SoftKit suggested. "I don't know this one.."

"Close. It's *Burdock* root." The medicine cat told them. "It mends infection in wounds, and it can be used as a poultice."

LeafPaw nodded, as if adding it to a mental list. SoftKit blinked, and shoved that information into her messy box of 'medicine cat knowledge' in the back of her mind.

"And, what this?" PetalSong quizzed, pawing a blue and pink star-shaped flower, with very fuzzy-looking leaves.

"Borage!" LeafPaw purred at the same time as SoftKit. They looked at eachother and laughed. "It's helps queens produce more milk." LeafPaw continued.

"That's correct." PetalSong looked amused. "Well, that's all the herbs in this pile. Sort them into seperate piles, and I'll sort the rest of the stock." The medicine cat told them, and disappeared through a small gap against one of the den walls. *One day, I'll be sorting herbs in there.*

"Do you think I'll be good enough at being a medicine cat?" LeafPaw blurted put of nowhere. SoftKit looked at her in surprise, and shrugged.

"That's for StarClan to decided whether or not your good enough." She replied, shuffling a bundle of borage into its own pile. *Maybe the panic will make her give up the role.. yes!*

"I suppose... I guess I should just work harder, then, right?" The apprentice purred.

No! "I guess.." SoftKit huffed.

"Are... are you still mad about earlier? Because I really didn't steal anything, I promise!" LeafPaw meowed. "I really am sorry."

"You did, you just don't realise you have." SoftKit growled. "You have until when I become an apprentice to figure it out, and give it back to me."

Her maybe-friend blinked in surprise, and resumed sorting the herbs. "I guess that's fair. I'll be seeing you around, then." The older she-cat purred, putting the herb-stacks in leaf-wraps and carrying them to the herb store, where PetalSong was arranging a mix of leaves, roots, berries and flowers.

"See you around." SoftKit agreed, and padded out of the medicine den and into the warm sunlight. FluffyKit was on the other side of the clearing, chattering animatedly to SplatterPaw.

As she neared, she could spot SplatterPaw's amused face and hear FluffyKit's questions. "What's BrackenPaw's favourite type of prey? And, does he ever talk about me randomly? Or.. say my name in his sleep?"

"Your being *very* obvious, right now, FluffyKit." SoftKit laughed, and SplatterPaw grinned.

"You like my brother?" The apprentice purred.

"Uhm.." FluffyKit smiled sheepishly. "Maybe... don't tell anyone!"

"I won't. Besides LeafPaw, it must be *dreadful* sitting in there all day." The spotted she-cat sighed dramatically and entered the medicine den, in search of her littermate. FluffyKit let put a squeak of alarm and followed her friend, whining.

"Hey, SoftKit." She turned and was met with the obnoxious apprentice, BreezePaw.

"What?" She asked, blinking. When she was around two and a half or three moons old, she had *admired* the black-furred apprentice, to put it simply.

"When are you becoming an apprentice? You should really hurry up, If you want to impress me." BreezePaw grinned.

"Why would I want to impress a piece of mouse-dung, who's own sister doesn't even like him?" SoftKit retorted, narrowing her eyes.

"Whatever." He snorted, and walked away.

Bee-brain She thought to herself, watching him walk away. *He's probably more more stupid then a boulder.*

IV

SoftKit padded over to where LeafPaw and SplatterPaw were gossiping. "Hey, is there anything I can help with in the medicine den today?" She asked hopefully as she approached the two littermates.

"Uhm.. I'm not sure. I'm suppose to go collect herbs around sun-high, so maybe see if you can organise the herb stores or something?" The *temporary* medicine cat apprentice meowed, and SoftKit nodded, tail high, and sauntered into the medicine clearing. She was then met with a hunched-over BreezePaw.

"Hm? Oh, come to my rescue, have you?" The Tom teased, sitting up straighter.

"As if. I just came to see if I could help out with anything in here." SoftKit retorted, lashing her kit-fluffy tail. The black-furred Tom gave her a confused look, but shrugged and sat down more comfortably. "Why *are* you even in here?" She asked, as she walked further into the den and hoping to see PetalSong come out of the herb store.

"I've got a thorn in my paw, and a belly-ache." He told her, flicking his ear. *Juniper berries are purpley-bluish, and are great for bellyaches and soothing soreness. Hmm, I could maybe pull the thorn out, I guess. This is a way I could help!*She nodded, and disappeared into the herb store.

Carefully, SoftKit picked out a small twig with multiple juniper berries on it, and set it on the ground for a moment. *What would I need for putting over the sore? I guess I could wait for a little bit until PetalSong gets back.* She then picked up the Juniper branch she had taken from the stores, and stepped out.

"Here- for your sore belly." She explained, and flicked her tail at his hind leg which was lifted off of the ground carefully. "Could I?"

BreezePaw blinked in confusion, before grunting and eating some of the Juniper Berries. He then adjusted himself so SoftKit could reach the thorn. "Be quick. I've got hunting with OpalShine at sun-high."

She nodded, and firmly bit at the Thorn, and pulled. The apprentice let out a hiss of pain, and she managed to get it out. BreezePaw stared at her, seemingly in a daze. "Erm- lick it to clean the blood?" SoftKit blinked, and the dark-furred apprentice shook his head, and bent his head down to lap at his injury. *Well, that was weird* she thought as she exited the medicine den.

V

As SoftKit exited the medicine den, she blindly wandered around in a daze. *I just helped a cat! Like a medicine cat!* She purred quietly at the thought of sifting through the strange leaves and flowers in the future. *And when that's happening, LeafPaw would have become a warrior and she and I could get along again!*

"SoftKit!" FluffyKit's mew called pit to her from over by the FreshKill pile, and after a few moments of hesitation, she sauntered over to her littermate.

"What's going on?" SoftKit tilted her head to the side as she sat down beside FluffyKit. SplatterPaw and BrackenPaw, who were talking quietly with eachother a fox-length away, kept glancing at her.

"What do you mean 'what's going on'?" FluffyKit laughed. "BreezePaw told everyone about how you immediately helped him when you saw he had a thorn in his paw!"

"What!?" Her white, pale lavender-tinted fur fluffed in surprise, and grew hot with embarrassment. "No- I just wanted to help out! Be a medicine cat!" She whispered hurriedly.

"I know. But- maybe you could be a warrior?" The white-and-grey she-kit suggested. "I mean, you could have a mate and kits and and spend most of your time in the medicine den, but also what if you knew how to hunt *and* fight *and* heal? You'd be the ultimate clancat!"

"But I don't *want* to fight!" SoftKit snapped, pouting.

FluffyKit gave her a sad smile. "Right. I'm sorry.."

SoftKit snorted. "I don't see why your trained to fight anyways."

FluffyKit blinked, seemingly hurt. "But- fighting is part of being a

warrior." She mumbled. "Why can't you understand that?"

She rolled her eyes, as her littermate cats her eyes downwards. "Don't worry, when we're apprentices, you can show off you fancy battle moves whenever. I'll be healing cats in the medicine den, and *not* fighting over invisible scent-lines, *not* starting wars, *not* bickering over every scrap of prey that runs over said scent-lines."

FluffyKit backed up a little bit, nodding. "Erm- so, how are you so sure that LeafPaw is just being a- *temporary* medicine cat apprentice?"

"Because, she's my best friend, *duh*." The lilac-tinted she-cat meowed. "She wouldn't do that to me. Right?"

"Oh! We should sneak out with the apprentices tonight!" The white-spotted damsel mewed in a hushed whisper.

"Huh?"

"Yeah! Every Quarter moon the apprentices sneak out at night, and since we're almost apprentices we should join them!" FluffyKit purred.

"But-" SoftKit hesitated. "Fine, I'll go but if we get in trouble it's going to be all your fault, FluffyKit!" she muttered, shuffling her paws nervously.

"Yeah, yeah! Let's just go get some prey already!" Her littermate whined, before whipping around and racing over to the fresh-kill pile. SoftKit slowly trailed behind her, laughing happily.

"Hey, SoftKit, Look out!" A voice yowled, right as something hit her on the side of the head and the world went black.